

## Warfaire

I've never said it. Never told anyone. Not parents, not brothers, not for fear of staring or being scared but because I haven't had the chance to say the things that need to be said without being beat back by the apocalyptic shock of bad days and big cocks, rooster variety that cruises and brings news in. The bruises, on hands and invisible, the ruthless quizzical neighbors breathe from tubes used for food and predicting futures. The consumers drive the war; the President just gives orders from a higher power, not from his core, the commander in chief is chief of disorder and distorts the order presented in war, strategy replaced by tragedy and death, the media consumes that which we give them until nothing is left. The virus spreads in pursuit of truth.

No more, no less. No boys, no treasure chests. No toys, no bulletproof weapon-vests, no pinstriped suits, no challenges. No legs, no stripper-trips to Vegas. You're a cripple, you have no need for a sickle or scythe, the reaper will come when you're scheduled, this is just day six. Get a shovel; you have to pay this. With brevity, the coffee drips into a daycare of re-kids. Resist the draw, the drawl of power music, beats of power muted against the sounds of bullets cutting through raw flesh and bone, metal replaces the tomes of law and justice, named guns maim peace through cheesecloth as hands reach out for the American incarnation of Jesus on the cross.

Fuck this and strip yourselves, sex and war sells more copies as the slash-and-burn lobbyists profit behind our backs because we're too focused on this or that, and the Westboro Baptists are responsible for all that's happening. Set the innocent on fire with bombs and ignorant slurs, like Obama is the nigger that fucked up this earth. The American free world and its leaders are misnomers for an infectious disease of self-worth countered by underfunded research and radioactive dirt. Skirt the enemies with skirmishes, take a burnisher to the hundred wood and burn it down, Pooh Bear's too stupid to know what he doesn't deserve. Furnish the earth with oil-based plastics, a missile house, and fantastic fireworks shows that show life being fizzled out. When everyone else is dead, we can check the "free world?" box with a definitive yes, even if our heads are in casts, the cast are misfits, and we can't invest the cash to go back and miss this.

Imitate the past and rebuild it, with names and funds from the emergency fun fund for the leftovers of skykill #1. The greatest nation seeks to be freer by cutting up its free one by one in the back of a freezer. Limb by limb, they sell organs and kneecaps for ideas and McFat diseases and treatments. Scare the people into submission, frighten the cancer into remission with common household kitchen chemicals. Provoked by the east, a generic term for all nations with possible sleepers in ours, all 196, everyone we've fucked with including ourselves, which is why we buy foreign cars and IKEA shelves. The instructions are pictorial with invisible text, prepping us for the next stage of meat grinders as we take two steps left, then toward the back from where we came. Put on the blinders, deep thoughts are meant for those who pay mind to minding, there's no need to stick your head where it doesn't belong, especially in pots of human stew with labels that are spelled wrong.

War teaches us what the teachers here for research haven't seemed to learn, that we as people have no means by which to earn the respect of others without showing them that we are better, have more, or are bigger and more powerful than the other body in the other urn. The other mind that pays no mind to us has no way to prove itself without getting into bed with the enemy and fucking it dead, then proudly parading the head about town, mounting it on the wall like a moose, cutting the other down to size, separating girls from guys, boys from men, and toys from weapons meant to harm and offend.

War is the people searching for their purpose, trying to prove their point by removing all doubt, removing the opposition, clouding the truth with alchemy from the inquisition and failing to see that simple forgiveness and clue-ins could solve all the problems. It's free, and we want more freedom, don't we?

What stops us is the need for greed, speed, money, drugs, power, and towering over those that towered over us, showing each other that we are in control of a world that has already overtaken us a hundred thousand times. It's futile, but we will continue driving ourselves into the ground, flying planes into skyscrapers and bombing civilians to prove that we still can, that while we may not have any control over the events in our own lives, we can control the lives of others by moving chess pieces into place and placing our hands on buttons labeled "Do Not Press" in a feeble attempt to preserve the peace we've never had and cannot demand.

We will fight and fuck each other up big time to prove that we can, that we are able to do, not just plan. That we follow through.

I would rather love and not be loved back than to fight and die in the name of a thing that doesn't have mine, and cannot compete like I have all my life for something that I won't know until I meet my maker or darkness, for in death we take with us all war and hate and forgiveness, leaving nothing but an imprint, time, and unopened Valentine's written in an era of war crimes, when opposing the straightness of the line was grounds for imprisonment, when indifference characterized the people, and love was just a symbol, like the peace sign or marijuana leaf. But love is free, and it breathes. Just like you and me.

I'm not alone. I'm united with others in a quest to end the quest to kill the killers of our forefather's friends. Fucking war gets us nowhere. Choking it out with an embrace of two hands around its neck is a better method. It won't fight back when it's too busy already fighting with itself. Guaranteed death. Let's test this.